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Agricultural.

A LIVINGSTON COUNTY FLOCK.

Visit to the Farm of Mr. Henry L. Doane, His Flock of Fine Wools—The Country Around South Lyon.

Last week we paid a long promised visit to Mr. Henry L. Doane, who resides some four miles south of South Lyon, a station on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad. South Lyon is likely to become quite an important shipping point, as the Toledo and Ann Arbor crosses the Detroit, Lansing & Northern here, and the Grand Trunk is engaged in constructing a line from this point to Jackson, which will give excellent shipping facilities in all directions. The country in the immediate vicinity of the village is a pleasant one, but the soil appears to be rather light, and will need good care. We saw some nice farms, however, that appeared to be well cultivated and were evidently productive. When we reached the station Mr. Doane was waiting, and we started for his place. The day was warm, but a slight breeze tempered the heat, and made the ride very pleasant. The country gradually became more rolling as we went south, and by the time Mr. Doane's farm was reached was quite hilly. The soil was also stronger, and the appearance of the country very inviting. Mr. Doane's farm is pleasantly situated on the banks of Silver Lake, a small lake of about half a mile in width and three-quarters in length, surrounded by sloping banks, with waters deep, placid and beautifully clear, and its vicinity is a favorite resort for pleasure seekers.

After dinner, in company with Mr. Doane and his son Herbert, we started to have a look over his flock. His flock was started in 1874 by purchases of ewes from the flocks of J. Forbes, Jr., and B. B. Tottinham, of Addison Co., Vt. His first ram was Lake's 100, bred by Wm. Ball of Hamburg, and sired by Addison Chief 217 grand sire Duke 275, great-grand sire of the Birchard & Tottingham Ram; the dam of Lake's 100 was a pure Paular ewe from the flock of F. & L. E. Moore. The next purchase was 15 ewes from the flock of E. J. & E. W. Hardy of Oceola. Three of these were of their own breeding, four from the flock of Reuben Cook of Shoreham, Vt., two from the flock of R. M. & F. Atwood, four from the flock of F. & L. E. Moore, and two from the flock of J. Forbes, all of Vermont.

He next purchased a ram bred by Wm. McCauley of Vermont, known as McCauley's 49, and recorded as Mingle 440 in 2d Vol. of the Vermont Register. He is owned in partnership by Mr. Doane and the Lake Bros., near Wixom, at whose place we saw him last winter while visiting them. The sire of Mingle 440 was All Right 169, dam by Ellsworth's 327. This last ram has proved an excellent breeder, as his lambs are really finer than himself, very even, and excellent shearers. The flock now consists of about 80 head in all, and their condition and appearance certainly speak well for Mr. Doane and his sons as care takers.

The first field visited contained his yearling bucks, and this year's lambs. Mr. Doane has evidently been breeding to a standard, as his lambs had an evenness in style and appearance that will strike the most ordinary observer. Four yearling lambs were good ones. The first we noticed attracted attention from its size and style. It has all the appearance of a strong constitution animal, short, thick neck, very heavily folded in front, head well capped, nose wrinkled, strong shoulders and well rounded carcass. From behind he looks equally well, his quarters being broad, legs straight and well covered with heavy folds. There is one point on which there will be a slight difference of opinion among breeders in regard to this ram, and that is his fleece. The tops of the wrinkles have a good deal of jar hair over them, which to many breeders is an objection. Others, however, contend that it denotes constitution and bodily vigor.

and favor it in stock rams. Whichever is right there is one thing certain, that in a flock such a ram as this one is the first noticed, and is always favorably commented upon by the generality of breeders for its style. His fleece is otherwise unobjectionable, carrying a fair amount of oil, and showing evenness all over the body. He is by Mingle 440, and his dam was a ewe bred by F. & L. E. Moore, sired by Centennial 442, he by Fremont, Jr. 115. This ewe is of Rich and Hammond blood, and this year sheared 16 lbs. of nice wool and raised a lamb. The yearling ram sheared 19 lbs. 14 oz. although he was not doing well in the spring.

The next one examined was by the same ram and from a R. M. & O. F. Atwood ewe. To those who would object to the last one referred to on account of his fleece, this one would be selected as their choice. He is well woolled, and though heavily folded yet his fleece is very even in quality over the wrinkles. He carries a good deal of oil of good color and well distributed. He was not so heavy a sheep, we should judge, as the last, but will put together. In front he is excellent and his well covered head and short neck give him a very stylish appearance.

Another yearling by the same ewe and out of a ewe bred by Mr. Doane from a Forbes ewe, is the one that sheared the heaviest fleece this season—20 lbs. 8 oz. He is a very even sheep all over, of good size, well woolled, and having all the signs of a heavy shearer.

Another ram, also a yearling, is considerably smaller than the others, but upon a close inspection showed up well. Mr. Doane said he was a very late lamb, and at first did not come along as fast as the others, but was now doing well. Outside of his size he is a good sheep, and when full grown will be a hard one to beat. He is also by Mingle 440.

There were some six or eight ewe lambs in the field that were very even and handsome, well shaped up, great style, and so much alike as to puzzle a person to distinguish between them. Considering that they were from ewes of different strains of blood, their uniformity speaks well for Mingle as a sire.

The breeding ewes were next looked over. Some of these are quite old now, as they were the foundation of the flock, but they looked very well indeed. With half a dozen drawn out of the flock it would be noted for its uniformity.

These breeding ewes were selected by Mr. Doane as approaching as closely as possible to what he believed to be the best standard for a Merino sheep. They are all of good breeding, and from flocks that have always enjoyed a good reputation for purity of blood, and his show of lambs this season, especially ewe lambs, ought to be very satisfactory to him. Two of the ram lambs will also show well in the best company. Probably this flock is bred closer to a standard than one in a dozen flocks in the State; the standard aimed at may not suit every breeder or sheep man, as nearly every one has an ideal type of his own; but no one will deny their good points and uniformity. We hope Mr. Doane will bring those yearling rams, and some of his lambs to the State Fair, as it will give him an opportunity of comparing them with others, which, after all, is necessary in judging of the merits of all animals.

We next had a look over the farm, which contains some 240 acres of land, well adapted to sheep, nicely rolling. His sheep barn is a large basement, well arranged and comfortable, but hardly light enough. He said he proposed putting a number of windows into the south side this season to remedy this defect. A windmill supplies his barn with water. His corn was looking first rate for this season, and has eared out well. His wheat crop, which had just been threshed the day we arrived, had turned out much better than anticipated, while his oat crop was very heavy. In this section we should think every farmer would have a flock of sheep. The land needs them to keep up its fertility, and they will not only do that but return a good profit for their keep and the trouble bestowed upon them. In the evening, after a very enjoyable visit, Mr. Doane drove us back to South Lyon in time for the 8 o'clock train, but it was near midnight before its appearance at the old rat trap that the Detroit & Lansing people dignify as a station. For a town like South Lyon something better ought to be afforded by this road. Perhaps when the other roads get into shape a change in this particular will be made, and it cannot be made too soon.

MR. JOHN DOWNS has put in his annual appearance at the Detroit Stock Yards, and as usual is looking for sheep for the feeders of Western New York. Mr. Downs has during past years bought a great many thousands of sheep in this market, and when he is on deck better prices always rule. For good feeders he is ready to pay good prices. Our readers will please make a note of this.

The 63<sup>4</sup> lbs. fleece sheared by the French Merino ram "Woolly," only cleaned 13 lbs. of wool. This may be cited as an instance of "great cry and little wool."

CLOVER AND WHEAT.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Perhaps it would be interesting to the readers of your valuable paper to read more answers to questions. By your permission I will again ask and make a few statements.

We doubt not the value of clover, but would it be advisable to throw before farmers the value of manure as well as clover, or to go with it? A farmer stated he could keep his farm up cheaper and better by clover than to have manure given him, and be obliged to haul it one mile. Is that giving manure its equal value with clover? Another man says he prefers manure; but it is not expected in a grain country like Michigan to make or obtain in any way, manure sufficient to keep land up, especially where so much land is used as here. Michigan has any amount of water. Vermont has a great deal of highly muck that handled out, or shoveled and lying over one freezing, then used as required in cow-yards, hog-pens, privies and under sink spouts, would be very valuable. Much is saved by the use of dry mud in tight stables where cows are tied. A neighbor of your correspondent stable his cows through the summer and repeats the use of mud and all sorts of vegetable matter, and the result was hauling out in the fall in the shape of forty ox loads of good manure. He claimed that without exertion to add to his manure he should not have had over ten loads. He claimed that one load of the compost was of more value than a load of the natural droppings, as it contained the urine, which he asserted was equal in value to the droppings.

Michigan lands are much stronger to produce a crop than those of Vermont. One reason is Vermont lands have been used nearly or quite fifty years longer. Our best Vermont lands are very strong and productive, soft and friable, pretty to work after the turf or sward has rotted; it never bakes. The sward of a grass country is very different from this; it grows very thick and remains so long as it is left in grass. That, of course, is the reason of its being so good for pasture. Our farmers are in the habit of sowing one-half timothy and 10 lbs. of clover, and for this reason get a much thicker sward, and they believe it will produce hay a number of years longer. A Michigan farmer tells me that to the surprise of his neighbors, sowed a quarter of a bushel of timothy as an experiment, with good results. He says that held out better and produced more hay in three years than lands joining under the same treatment except lighter seeding.

In clover, root and top, ton, consider to have more fertilizing constituents—buckwheat, corn, rye, &c. Has raw manure fertilizing qualities sufficient to pay for handling? Which contains the most fertilizing material, roots or tops of clover?

Farmers of Vermont turn but little clover under; but your correspondent claims a heavy seeding to clover is equal to a small coat of manure, the root only considered. In building barns in Vermont pains are taken to have hogs behind horses; the coarse, strawy manure is thrown to the hogs, who manufacture it into the most valuable manure made. Otherwise, if it is thrown out in piles it heats and burns, which renders it nearly valueless.

A VERMONTER,  
FRANKLIN, OAKLAND COUNTY, Mich.

Our correspondent asks a number of questions that, could they be answered fully, would be of great assistance to farmers. But the trouble is that answering them with special reference to one locality would not settle them for any other. In a state like Michigan, where nearly all varieties of soil are to be found, each neighborhood differs in some respects from the one next to it, and its farmers have varied their systems of cultivation as experience has shown them the necessity. There are sections of the State where, for the past forty years, wheat growing has been pursued as the best suited to the soil, and, in these neighborhoods, the summer fallow and clover has so far kept up the fertility of the soil. These men believe that this system can be pursued indefinitely without the use of any other fertilizers. So far the bank upon which they have drawn has honored their checks in the shape of large, and as a rule, better crops than they received from the virgin soil. Whether this can go on indefinitely or not is a problem many are thinking over; so far it has not been answered authoritatively on either side. One thing is certain: so long as a good catch of clover can be secured, just so long will they be able to grow good crops of wheat.

But there are other sections, and we can point out some not far from where our correspondent resides, where a very few years of such a system would result in a positive failure to secure a crop of wheat. Here is where a farmer has need of everything in the shape of a fertilizer within his reach. Repeated manuring, a rotation of crops, the feeding of cattle, sheep and hogs to turn coarse fodder into manure, muck, commercial fertilizers, can all be made available; and to insure success, must be. Now two farmers, one from each section referred to, would never agree as to the best methods of keeping up the fertility of the soil. It would be useless to tell a man to rely upon clover as a fertilizer if he could get a catch only once in two or three years. He would have to manure to grow clover, and a heavy crop of clover would insure a crop of wheat. There are plenty of lands in Michigan that are clover sick, as the farmers express it, and it will take time to bring them up to their old time fertility. Their exhaustion is due to the growing of successive grain crops until they have become exhausted.

Upon the whole it can safely be put down as a safe system to grow as much clover as possible, and to use it as a fer-

tilizer by plowing it in when you are going to follow it with a grain crop. Manure your land if it shows signs of weakness, and use plaster generously on your clover.

Perhaps the strongest advocate of the use of clover as a fertilizer is the Hon. G. Geddes, of New York. He states that he has on his farm in Central New York a field which has had no manure except clover grown on it and plowed under, and that wheat, corn, oats, barley, meadow and pasture have been regularly grown upon it in five years' rotation, the closing crop being winter wheat, with timothy and clover sown. The clover has had plaster applied to it for fifty years. He asserts that this field is more fertile than it was twenty-five years ago.

But other farmers have tried plowing under a clover crop, and found it to be a positive detriment to the succeeding crop. Their experience was that it answered better on their soils to cut the clover first, and then plow. Joseph Harris recommends cutting the clover when in full bloom, letting the second crop grow up through it, and also cutting the second when ready, and then letting it decay a while before plowing for wheat. But this is a great deal of work for nothing. Take off the first cut for hay and plow under the second without cutting is the usual course, and as a rule it will be found to answer best.

As to the relative values of clover, buckwheat, corn, and rye, we give the following statement of the constituents of a ton of each:

Green clover—12 lbs. nitrogen, 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs. phosphoric acid, 9 lbs. potash, 1,600 lbs. water.

Green corn—6 lbs. nitrogen, 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs. phosphoric acid, 9 lbs. potash, 1,600 lbs. water.

Green Rye—11 lbs. nitrogen, 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs. phosphoric acid, 9 lbs. potash, 1,400 lbs. water.

Green Buckwheat—8 lbs. nitrogen, 3 lbs. phosphoric acid, 11 lbs. potash.

This gives an idea of the value of a ton of each as a fertilizer, and the question of how many tons can be raised per acre will settle the value of each to the farmer as a green manure. It will be seen that all contain a large amount of plant food, which they have collected and hold in a form to become at once available to a succeeding crop when plowed under.

VOLINIA FARMERS' CLUB.

Report of the Annual August Wheat Meeting.

For several years the Volinia Farmers' Club have made their August meeting one devoted especially to the consideration of wheat in all its bearings—market reports, varieties, time to seed, manner of preparing the land, &c., &c. These meetings have assumed some notoriety, and draw the intelligent farmers from the surrounding towns to consider this important question. The announcement in the programme that Hon. A. B. Copley, of Decatur, was to give an address, stimulated a larger attendance than usual, and the meeting was a decided success. It was held in Grange Hall at Volinia Center, an unpretentious cross roads, with a store and postoffice, the inevitable blacksmith and wagon shop, all sustained by the enterprising farmers surrounding it. Grange Hall being the general rendezvous for considering all interests pertaining to agriculture.

The meeting convened at two o'clock p.m., on Saturday, August 25th.

Mr. Copley in opening addressed to his former association with the Club, when their talks about wheat only considered the two leading varieties, the Soule and the Deibel. They now are almost unknown and new varieties have taken their place. The three greatest wants of the people are food, clothing and houses to live in. Bread is the chief article of food, and wheat is the leading product of many of the States. Two-fifths of the working population of America are engaged in agriculture, and much more than that in Michigan. More people depend upon the farmer than in any other pursuit or business. There is no standstill to farming more than to any other business, we are going one way or the other. Fifty years ago it was deemed wonderful that horses should eat grain, but now they not only eat but they bind it. Our granaries are going west and the pastures are following. We have been moved six hundred miles nearer New York by changes in freight rates. It now costs but six cents to London, against twenty-one cents ten years ago. Dakota has now seventeen million bushels of wheat, and it was only the other day that the war whoop was raised by Sitting Bull. Considering what it has done, what must it do in the immediate future? We are confronted with these facts, and must shape our plans to meet the competition. Farmers will still raise wheat; they should raise some wheat, but they must do it at less expense. He had been looking around in a carriage making establishment. One man worked upon buggy boxes, he could put them up for \$1.25 each; formerly he had \$9 for the work, but he made more money at the lesser figure. Carriages are thus made cheap, and every one could afford a buggy. He had heard railroad men talk about

the

freight,

and they had a good deal to say

about dead weight.

A certain amount of

force

must be expended to haul the cars

themselves,

and the rate of dead weight

to paying freight was always considered.

He thought farmers were carrying too

much dead weight to compete with cheap

fertile lands.

Merchants call this margins.

It is not what an article costs that determines the profit in handling goods, but the difference between the cost and the selling price. If the selling price is low the cost must be lowered or trade must stop.

The cost of machinery, of labor,

and the interest on land is the dead

weight the farmer carries,

## Horse Matters.

### Forming the Colt's Mouth.

An exchange, commenting on the bad practices of those who "break colts," calls attention to a common error, as follows:

"The majority of farmers and hired men put the colt on the off side, and keep him there through the season, or until some change occurs, when he is compelled to work elsewhere. Of course the colt's mouth got sore, and, of course, it was sorest on the left side, because the direct pressure or bearing of the line was constant and heavier on that side."

"The inner cheek had part of the force of the driver's pull taken from the horse's mouth by the ring on the inside of the hame. The wider the horses were spread apart the more unequal the pressure on the inner and outer sides of the colt's mouth. And when the stt-tongued wagons are used, it is the style for drivers to have horses spread as far apart as checks will allow. If one horse is headed to the northwest, the other is headed to the southwest, or about such angles of divergence."

"All this causes an unequal pull or wear on the sides of the horse's mouth. By the time a colt has been worked a few weeks on the off side in the wagon so rigged, he is forever unfit for a single driver. His mouth will be one-sided or unevenly developed. If he be a colt of a fine, delicate touch, not a hard-mouthed lugger, all the greater damage has been done to the mouth. I have seen horses that had long been used in a double team, when driven single, needed constant and hard pulling on one side—a pull that they were accustomed to in the double team."

"One side of the mouth is less sensitive in such cases, because of the unequal callousing of the bit. Of course such a horse cannot be a first class single driver. The single driving is done for pleasure—generally when we take a visit, go to church or to the village—and the horse that is of high spirit and free movement is the one to go. It is also the one that in a double team has to be held back more strongly than his more sluggish mate, and, as a consequence, his mouth is more unevenly developed. He was generally used on the off side, too, and when driving singly the driver must pull hard with right and easy with left line."

"As long as men persist in breaking colts with the stiff tongue in the farm wagon, with a stiff tongue, we may expect to find few good single drivers among such colts, unless they are careful to change the colt from the off to the near side each week during the first spring's work, and not work him longer than one week at a time on the same side. By this method of changing weekly or oftener we may save the mouths, or rather have the mouths evenly balanced, because equally calloused."

### A Noted Example of In-Breeding.

Some of the ancestors of Eclipse, the most noted race-horse that ever appeared upon the English turf, were strongly inbred. Eclipse was foaled in 1764, and during the two seasons that he was upon the turf won an immense number of stakes for his owner, but at last his extraordinary powers were so generally admitted that no owner would enter a horse against him, and he was obliged to retire, never having been beaten or paid forfeit. A contributor to a late number of the *Saturday Review* remarks that the "most curious case of successful in-breeding record is that of an ancestor of the famous Eclipse. The horse in question was mated with his own dam, and his son was afterward mated with his grand-daughter. Most of the best horses now running on the turf can trace back to the produce of this connection. It must be remembered in talking of the relationships of horses, that brothers, nieces, etc., are usually half-brothers, half-nieces, and so on. Count Lehndorff considers 'that a horse should only be termed *in-bred* when, in sum total, less than four degrees lay between its parents and their common ancestor; in other words, when the children or grandchildren of a stallion or mare are mated, he calls 'their produce in-bred, but this term does not apply to the produce of great-grandchildren of the common ancestors.' Generally speaking, he is in favor of moderate in-breeding among certain carefully selected strains of blood, but he points out that mating with the same strains, if continued *ad infinitum*, is not without danger to the lasting prosperity of the breed, and that it may necessitate 'at perhaps a not far distant period, the infusion of new blood by occasionally importing into England sires of pre-eminence from other countries. 'Experience,' he adds, 'points to America as the source from which to draw in future the means of regenerating the breed,' as there is reason for believing the 'favourable climate and the, to a great extent, virgin soil of America—in every respect different from ours—gradually restore the whole nature of the horse to its pristine vigor.'

DURING the Monmouth Park race meeting recently, a meeting was arranged between Drake Carter, Iroquois, George Kenney, Ecole and Monitor. Iroquois and Drake Carter, both now owned by Lorillard, were the favorites in the betting, but Kenney won. The betting was heavy, and Lorillard lost a big pile. He was not satisfied, and challenged the owners of George Kenney, the Dwyer Brothers, to another trial. They consented, and asked that the match be an open one to all comers. This was agreed to, and Mr. Fred Gebhard, who has gained some notoriety as the attendant of Mrs. Langtry, entered his horse Ecole. The betting was very heavy, and as Ecole was not fancied by any but his owner, Freddie got some \$50,000 in bets at a very low odds. Well, the race was run, and to the disgust of everyone but Freddie, Ecole won in great style, and his lucky owner is said to be about \$56,000 better off than before the race. The victory of the Duke over the knowing ones is regarded as a great joke among those who were not peculiarly interested.

**PONIES FOR AMERICA.**—A London paper says: "Though we can understand the Americans taking away many of our heavy horses to improve their breeds we little thought they would take a fancy to our little 'Shelties.' The Clydesdale Horse Breeding Company has, however, taken away Mr. Drew's famous little prize stallion to the Far West, along with a number of mares, with a view of raising a stud of Lilliputian ponies on a large scale. In this country they are greatly made use of for drawing in coal mines; and the Marquis of Londonderry breeds large numbers of them for use in his pits at Seaford Harbor. Possibly they may eventually prove of great value in working the mines of the Great Continent, but in the meantime they will be bred at Rockford Farm, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, with a view to supplying Master Jonathan with his first mount."

JUDGES AT our State and County Fairs may congratulate themselves that those who occupy such positions abroad are liable to be as much abused as if they were in our own State. It is stated that at the recent show of the Highland Society at Inverness, Scotland, so dissatisfied with the decisions of the judges was David Wyllie Perth, the well known Clydesdale dealer and breeder, that he withdrew all his horses, five in number, preferring to pay the fine of \$10 for each animal than continue to exhibit in the show. He was placed only third with "Logie, the Laird," sired by "True Blue," which he had just sold to go to the States for \$2,600.

MR. J. C. CHINN, owner of the great racer Leonatus, the son of Longfellow, thinks his injury may prove only temporary. Leonatus was the great horse of the year, and his break down was generally regretted, as it was arranged that he was to meet Iroquois, and a number of eastern horses at the races in Louisville, Ky., this month.

**ONE HUNDRED PERCHERON STALLIONS FOR CANADA.**—Large numbers of Percheron stallions are being bought in the United States by Canadian breeders to renew the old French blood so highly prized, and also to give quality, style and action to the large English draft and Clydesdale stock which has been bred there so long. Nearly one hundred Percheron stallions have been sold in Canada during the past two years by M. W. Dunham, "Oaklawn Farm," Wayne, Ill., the greatest importer of the French race who has imported from France about 1,400 head. Three hundred have recently arrived at "Oaklawn."

### Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pinning away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; and at last was cured by this Hop Bitters. The papers say so much about Indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine!"

## The Farm.

### JERSEYS IN CLINTON COUNTY.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

For several months I have been expecting to pay a visit to the Meadow Brook Farm herd of Jersey cattle, and during the two seasons that he was upon the turf won an immense number of stakes for his owner, but at last his extraordinary powers were so generally admitted that no owner would enter a horse against him, and he was obliged to retire, never having been beaten or paid forfeit. A contributor to a late number of the *Saturday Review* remarks that the "most curious case of successful in-breeding record is that of an ancestor of the famous Eclipse. The horse in question was mated with his own dam, and his son was afterward mated with his grand-daughter. Most of the best horses now running on the turf can trace back to the produce of this connection. It must be remembered in talking of the relationships of horses, that brothers, nieces, etc., are usually half-brothers, half-nieces, and so on. Count Lehndorff considers 'that a horse should only be termed *in-bred* when, in sum total, less than four degrees lay between its parents and their common ancestor; in other words, when the children or grandchildren of a stallion or mare are mated, he calls 'their produce in-bred, but this term does not apply to the produce of great-grandchildren of the common ancestors.'

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golden fawn with a little white, has a Flanders' escutcheon of the first order. Her breeding is as good as can be found in any Jersey in Michigan. Her dam, Violette, is owned at Beech Grove, and is of the famous Young Rose No. 43 strain. She has exceedingly fine and beautiful horns, and a head as fine as one could wish to see. Her first calf, a bull, sired by Belvidere Lad, was sold to J. H. Forester, of Williamson, for a round sum. This heifer will in time develop into one of the best Jersey cows in the State, and will always be a dangerous competitor in the show ring, as is shown by her previous records. Last fall at Lansing she was first in the heifer class and took the blue ribbon in the sweepstakes class. Messrs. Smith are justly proud of her.

Bogger Girl, three years old, daughter of Mendicant, is a remarkably fine heifer, with an immense udder and well placed teats.

Among the others are Pet Le Brocq, Sweet Heart, Mignonette Le Brocq, and Flirt, and together they form a beautiful group. These heifers are all well bred and give promise of making No. 1 cows.

A good business has been worked up by the proprietors in the line of grades, and at present they are unable to supply the demand, receiving a great many letters of inquiry for them.

Messrs. Smith intend to exhibit at the fairs this year, and it will be well for some of the older exhibitors to look well to their laures.

After looking over the herd—and it took some time—we drove over to see Mr. Kent's herd in Grand Ledge. This gentleman purchased his first cow of Messrs. Smith. At the head of the herd stands the five-year-old bull Nutatio No. 3150, bred at Beech Grove, sired by One Ton, dam Renatta. This bull is a remarkably good looking one, solid fawn, white switch, fair escutcheon, and a noble appearance. The only fault I can find with him is that he is too fat for a Jersey. In the show ring this bull has never been beaten.

Queen Bess and Lady Jane, bred by G. B. Smith, are both good specimens of the breed. Queen Bess was sired by Repeated and of Mendicant, thus combining good blood. Besides these, Mr. Kent had several fine calves and one two year old heifer.

Mr. E. S. Doty, a young farmer and stock raiser, has a farm adjoining Smith's on the west, and it is a large and beautifully located one, in perfect order, fences in good shape, large roomy barn, handsome house, and is in every way a model place. Mr. Doty is a lover of fine horses and intends to have none but the best. Three years ago he bought of M. W. Dunham a handsome Percheron mare. This mare foaled soon after a magnificent horse colt, by Gen. Videoc, Dunham's famous stallion. This colt is now two years old and is very attractive; clean limbs, good action, immense back, fine head and neck, massive shoulders, and power of endurance. Two years ago Mr. Doty purchased a pair of mares of Dillon & Co., large breeders in Illinois. One of these has a superb horse colt sired by an imported horse; this colt has been purchased by Mr. H. Byam, of Grand Ledge. This fall Mr. Doty expects to buy some Hereford cattle, and as he will have nothing but the best, we expect in a few years to see him have a handsome herd of this famous breed of beef cattle. "JERSEY."

### Growing Mutton.

From an address on mutton making by Mr. J. Q. Thompson, we take the following in regard to the breeds and crosses he found best adapted to this purpose. He is a resident of Missouri, and his remarks are intended especially for that State. But others may profit by his experience as well as the farmers of Missouri:

"I wish to state before discussing the merits and demerits of the different breeds that my experience has been confined to four breeds, viz.: Cotswold, Merino, Southdown and Leicester, and in the absence of tame grasses, which we are just now introducing. I experimented solely for the purpose of learning which breed was the best adapted to my locality. I have drawn a satisfactory conclusion that the improved Southdown of to-day is the most profitable sheep for mutton. I am aware of the fact that some of the others possess advantages over them. The Southdowns are better mothers, especially at one year old; less liable to disease, except the Merino. They are sprightly and more able to care for themselves grazing with other stock. During my early experience we were troubled with wolves upon our open prairies. Three of the other breeds to one of the Southdowns were killed. It is hardly necessary to say that the quality of the Southdown mutton is superior to that of the others. It has been a common expression in my neighborhood, even by breeders of the Cotswold, that the mutton they got of me was the best they had used. I admit that the Cotswold and Leicester are larger and shear heavier fleeces; but what we gain in that way we lose in quality of flesh, constitution and prolificacy. The advantages of the Merino are, they shear heavier fleeces and thrive on less feed than the Southdown. They are longer maturing and are smaller. I do not think they would store up more weight to the amount of food consumed. An experienced stock dealer once remarked to me that he could spring the St. Louis market any time 25 cents on the hundred with a car load of Southdowns.

The females consist of ten cows, heifers and heifer calves. Mendicant, the first Jersey owned by "the boys," is six years old. This cow is a light silver fawn, has a beautiful head and neck and very prominent milk veins, a splendid bag and a Flanders' escutcheon of the first order. Her produce has been one bull and five heifers. She was awarded first premium at the Lansing fair last fall. Mr. Smith intends to test her this season and she doubtless will go into the 14 lb. list.

Lillie Pope 8589, bred by J. J. O'Fallon, of Missouri, is solid orange fawn, full black joints and is in all respects a trim built cow. She is described by an experienced breeder as follows: "A beautiful solid fawn, large and roomy, full black points, perfect udder and teats, immense back and loin, heavy hind quarters, neat head, switch reaches to the ground, and her general appearance attracts the attention of all. As a show cow she will be hard to beat." Certainly the description is an accurate one and not overdrawn. Her charming heifer calf, Princess of the Realm, sired by Prince of the Realm, a Coonassie bull, shows what can be expected of her as a breeder. She is now in calf to Le Brocq's Prize.

Next we see Viva Le Brocq, 13702, the queen of the herd; sire L. Brocq's Prize imp. dam Violette imp. This heifer is a

golden fawn with a little white, has a Flanders' escutcheon of the first order. Her breeding is as good as can be found in any Jersey in Michigan. Her dam, Violette, is owned at Beech Grove, and is of the famous Young Rose No. 43 strain. She has exceedingly fine and beautiful horns, and a head as fine as one could wish to see. Her first calf, a bull, sired by Belvidere Lad, was sold to J. H. Forester, of Williamson, for a round sum. This heifer will in time develop into one of the best Jersey cows in the State, and will always be a dangerous competitor in the show ring, as is shown by her previous records. Last fall at Lansing she was first in the heifer class and took the blue ribbon in the sweepstakes class. Messrs. Smith are justly proud of her.

early in the fall, previous to selling, as the pastures give way, by feeding corn, or turn on rye pasture; at any rate see they don't lose their flesh before winter sets in; once poor they cannot be made fat that winter. As winter approaches, gradually increase the corn and good green fodder; they husk and shell cheaper than I can. During muddy weather feed husked corn in troughs. By the first of December have them on full feed, all the corn, prairie hay and fodder they can eat, with an occasional feed of oats; salt often and furnish plenty of good water. Great care should be used not to over-feed at the beginning; they consume 1½ to 2 pounds per day of grain, and on an average gain one fourth of a pound in weight. The crosses of the Cotswold, Leicester and Southdown, without the Merino blood, averaged 125 to 140 pounds. The half-bred Merinos weighed 110 to 115 pounds."

### Agricultural Experiment Stations.

Within the past eight years there have been founded in several States institutions which, though they have not yet attracted much attention from the general public, can hardly fail to exert, in the near future, an important influence both on the material and mental welfare of the people. These institutions are the agricultural experiment stations, of which six now exist in this country, with a prospect of the speedy establishment of at least two more.

By an agricultural experiment station is understood an institution established and maintained "for the purpose of promoting agriculture by scientific investigation and experiments." Such institutions have, in most cases, owed their existence to governmental action, and have been sustained at the public expense, though in a few instances universities and private individuals have carried on what are in effect experiment stations, the most notable example of the latter being the well known Rothamsted experiments of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, in England.

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The agricultural editor of the New York Times reminds farmers that the ragweed is an annual, and will die down before it sets, there is an end of it for that season. It is a dangerous inhabitant of the pasture lands, for when largely it has the effect of packing the stomach with dry, undigested matter, and of poisoning the blood. The disease thus produced is commonly called dry murrain and is a fatal disorder.

AN EXPERIMENTAL grass is burned in Iowa every fall, and now parties there are gathering the wild prairie hay, and shipping it to Eastern markets. Quite a proportion of it is given those who ship it by the land owners, who are glad to have it cut and thus avoid the danger of prairie fires.

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**Agricultural.****Notes on New Strawberries.**

Killinger & Barry have the following notes on the later varieties of strawberries in their last catalogue:

The Longfellow is a large, handsome fruit of fine quality, valuable for the amateur, but the plant is not productive enough to render it a desirable variety for market. The Warren, sent out at the same time, is large and of handsome appearance, but lacks quality.

The Triple Crown is a delicious berry, but the fruit is very irregular in shape, and the plant is a poor grower.

The Seneca Queen is large and of good quality, and the plant yields well, but too many imperfect berries are produced to render it a profitable sort to cultivate.

The Hervey Davis is a fine fruit, but the plant yields poorly.

The Big Bob has not fruited with them yet, but the plants have made a good growth, and promise well.

The Sharpless takes the lead among the older sorts, and fully sustains its reputation for size, vigor, quality and productiveness. The heat and drought of summer and the extreme cold of winter seem to have less effect upon it than on any other sort. It succeeds in nearly all localities, and the more it becomes known the higher is the value placed upon it.

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**Care of Raspberries.**

Not only is the raspberry one of the most delicious berries, but if properly managed is the most profitable. The raspberry is no more trouble to raise than corn, and will yield a profit of from \$200 to \$300 per acre.

Now that the fruiting season is past the old canes should be cut out. This should be done that all force and strength of the roots be thrown into the new growth, for upon this the new season's crop greatly depends. To insure a bountiful crop next season you should get a large, vigorous and well-matured bush, and to secure this the young fruit must be topped as soon as it is three feet high, and then cut the old canes out as soon as done fruiting. Throw two or three shovels full of some rich compost around the bush, slightly working it in the soil.

As soon as the lateral branches get about fifteen inches long cut the bud off. By so doing the bush is stocky and will not need staking, and will stand the winter better. But if you desire tips the lateral branches should be let grow. Keep the soil mellow around the bush, and when the ends of the branches begin to swell, bury them at an angle of forty-five degrees, and after the first heavy frost cut the branches off about fifteen inches from the cane. The tips should now be set out. Throw a shovel full of manure on it to protect it from too heavy freezing. In this latitude raspberries cared for in this way require no winter protection.

The varieties that are propagated by suckers should be treated the same as the tip varieties. The suckers are troublesome, and I do not like them as well as the tip varieties and would advise persons growing for home use or for market at a small town to grow the black raspberry—*Farm and Garden*.

**The Squash Borer.**  
A horticultural writer in the *Husbandman* says:

Perhaps no other garden plant is obliged to run the gauntlet with so many insect enemies as the squash. I do not recall another plant for which insects are waiting when its seed leaves appear above ground, and continue in one form or another to harass it until frost destroys the stems. Yet such is the case with the squash plant. The most formidable one of all is perhaps the squash borer, *agrius cecurita*, the larva of which comes to its development in the center of the stalk. The perfect insect deposits her eggs on the outside of the stem, usually near the base, though I have occasionally found them several joints distant. The egg changes into a small white maggot which gnaws a hole into the stem, exuding a greenish yellow dust which betrays his presence. The grub remains in the heart of the stem until it has attained a length of an inch or more. I have found as many as six of these ugly maggots in a section of the stem of a squash vine a foot long. It is this insect that causes the vines to suddenly wither in the latter part of summer.

I know of but one remedy for this pest, and that is the laborious one of hunting out the worms one by one, and removing them with the point of a knife, or some other small instrument. By keeping a careful watch of the stems, we may usually find the worm before he has entered the stalk so far as to be out of sight. If, however, he has found his way into the center of the stem he may be cut out without doing much injury to the plant by taking care to slit the stem exactly lengthwise. It is not the best to wait until the vines begin to wilt before looking for the worm, for by this time he has surely made his way into the center of the stem where it will require considerable cutting to remove him. The vines should be carefully looked over about twice a week and every worm removed. A little practice will soon enable one to detect his presence readily. A little bunch of dust or fine chips invariably covers the mouth of cavity that incloses him. This is very often, though not always, found at the base of a leaf or tendril. It frequently is found on the under side of the stem, and sometimes just at the surface of the ground, at the base of the stem. It is to

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Although my crop was, as I believe, at least half destroyed, I can tell about the yield of the different varieties as compared with Wilson. Crescent, which has come nearer to the Wilson in its bearing qualities, has been so unsatisfactory in other ways that I have just plowed them all under, except a few plants that I have set for an experiment. They are poor in quality, and with me will not bear shipment. I have rarely, if ever, sent a crate of them even a short distance from home without having a complaint about them by return mail. The Captain Jack and No. 30 were the first to show signs of injury, and are apparently slowest to recover, Crescent, Wilson, Glendale and Kentucky stand next in order. In the process of recovery Wilson is showing most vitality, and at present promises to put itself in splendid condition for a large yield next season.

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At the last meeting of the Napa Grape growers' Association it was generally admitted that the phylloxera is gaining headway, and that all experiments thus far have failed to discover an effective remedy for the pest. From the statements of the vine-growers present the grape crop in the vicinity of Napa the present year will be a good average one, though most vineyards suffered greatly from the hot spell in June, and the crop in a few instances was completely destroyed. Viticulturists who have planted the cuttings of resistant vines imported from the east had poor success in making them

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**The Phylloxera in California.**

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## MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—  
State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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P. B. BROMFIELD,

Manager of Eastern Office,

150 Nassau St., New York.

## The Michigan Farmer

—AND—  
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1883.

## THE NEW POSTAL NOTES AND THE FARMER.

The new postal notes went into operation September 1st, and small sums can now be sent through the mails very cheaply and with entire safety. A postal note only costs three cents for any sum under five dollars. In this connection we make the announcement that we will send the FARMER from now until January 1st, 1885, for \$1 75, provided the amount is sent in cash—not stamps. A year and four months for \$1 75! The quicker you send in the more you get for your money.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 238,306 bu., and the shipments were 249,093. The stocks now held in this city amount to 187,950 bu., against 165,987 last week, and 152,482 the corresponding week in 1882. The visible supply of this grain on August 25 was 20,714,251 bu., against 21,038,842 the previous week, and 11,565,661 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 314,592 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 2,324,738 bu., against 1,877,981 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 10,031,933 bu., against 23,265,057 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

The week has been a quiet one, with light fluctuations in values and few features of interest. Receipts are gradually increasing as the work of threshing progresses, and in the absence of any speculative demand the steadiness of the market may be regarded as a favorable omen of its strength. No. 1 and 3 white and No. 3 red closed Saturday at the same prices they opened at on Monday, while No. 2 white and No. 2 red are somewhat lower. There has also been a decline in futures of from 1 to 1 1/2 per bu. on the various deals.

Yesterday the market was weak and values tended downward. The loss on cash wheat was from 1/2 to 1 1/2 per bu. all round, and futures declined fully as much.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from August 15th to September 3rd:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 2	No. 3
Aug. 15.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
16.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
17.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
18.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
19.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
20.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
21.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
22.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
23.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
24.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
25.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
26.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
27.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
28.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
29.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
30.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
Sept. 1.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
2.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09
3.....	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09	1 09

Rejected closed 79 1/2¢ per bu., one week ago at 79 1/2¢ per bu.,

The sales of futures the past week only amounted to 825,000 bushels, which will serve to show how little speculative spirit there is in the market. The following table gives the closing prices of the various deals each day during the past week:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Tuesday.....	1 09	1 09	1 09
Wednesday.....	1 08 1/2	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2
Thursday.....	1 08 1/2	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2
Friday.....	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2
Saturday.....	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2
Monday.....	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2	1 09 1/2

The reports from Europe and Great Britain are certainly not such as should cause any weakness on this side of the Atlantic. The French crop is now estimated at 241,240,000 bu.; last year it was 33,000,000 bu. This will compel importations of about 65,000,000 of bu. In addition to the shortage in wheat the rye crop is also deficient, and has been badly damaged by rains during harvest. In Germany it is said that the frequent rains did irreparable injury to both wheat and rye, and the western provinces of Russia are said to have also suffered severely. The Danish wheat is deficient in quantity and of poor quality. In Great Britain the crop is said to be the smallest for many years, with mildew and rust quite common in many sections.

Rye is relied upon by the peasantry and laboring classes of Germany, France and Russia for bread. The serious damage the crop has sustained will cause an increased demand for wheat. In every country in Europe where rye is grown, with the single exception of Italy, the crop is very deficient.

It is therefore certain that the demand for American wheat abroad this coming year will be considerably in excess of last. Our crop is much smaller than last year, but probably the surplus from the last crop yet held will make the amount available for export about the same. Foreign countries, especially Great Britain, hold considerable supplies in excess of what they did last year, and the demand will

not be active enough to cause any great advance in prices until the stocks held are more or less diminished. The only thing that will make foreign dealers purchasers in excess of immediate requirements will be continued low prices, which will give them ample margin later in the crop year. We therefore look for a quiet market the first part of the crop year, followed by more activity and an appreciation in values later on. These, of course, are inferences drawn from such information as we have at hand; but we are willing to have them go on record as our best judgment after a careful study of the situation.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

Sept. 3.	Aug. 27.	
Per cental.	Per cental.	
Flour, extra State.....	12s. 3 d.	12s. 0 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white.....	8s. 10 d.	8s. 9 d.
do Spring No. 2.....	9s. 1 d.	8s. 9 d.
do Western 1882.....	9s. 1 d.	8s. 9 d.

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 19,716 bu., and the shipments were 8,400 bu. The visible supply in the country on Aug. 25 amounted to 10,266,803 bu. against 11,353,314 bu. the previous week, and 5,578,814 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 9,171,683 bu., against 23,570,511 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 1,083,511 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 30,295 bu., against 18,820 bu. last week, and 738 at the corresponding date in 1882. The market has been a quiet one, with business confined entirely to immediate requirements. The continuance of dry weather has had a bad effect upon the growing crop, and the chances now favor a much smaller crop in many sections than was thought probable a month ago. There were some light showers on Saturday night, but how general they were we have not yet learned. As it is, the dry weather is interfering with farm work, as in most parts of the State the ground is too dry to plow, and farmers are waiting patiently for rain, which will have to be quite heavy to be of service. Prices are about the same as a week ago, perhaps a shade lower. No. 2 sold on Saturday at 53 1/2¢ per bu. which is really below what the price should be. We should regard No. 2 corn at 55 1/2¢ per bu. as good property, and likely to pay better than seven per cent mortgages. In Chicago the market closed active but lower than a week previous. No. 2 spot selling at 49¢ per bu. Futures were also lower, September selling at 49¢, October at 48 1/2¢, and November at 47 1/2¢. The Toledo market closed dull at 52¢ per bu. for spot and September No. 2, and 53¢ for October delivery. The reports of the crop in the Danubian provinces and southern Russia show that a very light yield is indicated by its present condition. In Liverpool the market is quoted dull at 5s. 4d. per cental for new mixed, against 5s. 7d. one week previous.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 45,835 bu., and the shipments were nothing. The visible supply of this grain on Aug. 25 was 3,697,895 bu., against 3,635,097 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. Stocks in this city yesterday amounted to 61,722 bu., against 39,599 bu. the previous week, and 28,910 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 663,906 bu. The market is lower than a week ago, new No. 2 white selling at 31 1/2¢ per bu. and No. 2 mixed at 31 1/2¢. The Toledo market is quoted dull, with no side previous week, and 67,150 bu. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1882 were 97,028 lbs.

While butter has been slow and unsatisfactory to sellers, cheese has shown a decided improvement in the tone of the market, and about the only new feature is a tendency in some quarters to feel a little more hopeful over the fine grades of stock. Advices from primary points are looked upon as indicating a growing home demand, which is likely to check shipments in this direction, and some verification of this theory has been obtained in order to hold desirable consignments for a higher limit. It is also calculated that the tide of city people returning from the country must soon increase, and that notwithstanding all they have induced the asking of higher rates. On all other qualities the tone is soft and the trade has been uncertain beyond about an average demand on shipping orders."

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending August 25 were 77,949 lbs., against 76,881 lbs. the previous week, and 67,150 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1882 were 97,028 lbs.

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The market continues to improve and is going out to day very strong. The arrivals were again found to be very largely under engagement and scarcely anything of an attractive character could be secured by those who had neglected to anticipate their wants, and, with some fresh orders at hand, the inquiry was sharp and ready for anything that could be reached, fancy white cheese finding most favor apparently. Prices naturally have retained more or less tendency to buoyancy and reaction, and though the market is still not at a high point, it is clear that a further advance is indicated. The market is strong and the inquiry is active, and though the market is still not at a high point, it is clear that a further advance is indicated.

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## Poetry.

## A MOUNTAIN BRIDAL.

TATE TO BROOKLET.  
I was a torn on the mountain side;  
Misty and chill,  
Over the hill.  
Over and under the pine-woods wide,  
Heard I the wandering wind  
Moaning, as one who could never find  
A place where he might abide.  
I was alone in my hollow glen;  
Sunset's red gleam—  
The moon's pallid beam—  
The cry of the beast from his unknown den—  
They haunted the lone woods,  
Only to deepen its solitude;  
Was I alive, love, then?  
Once, in a darkling dream, I heard—  
O, to know where—  
High in the air,  
Something that sang to me, thrilled in me, stirred  
Life that I knew not mine;  
A ripple of melody, dim and divine;  
A far-off familiar word.  
Once, in a noonday trance, I saw  
A glimmer of white,  
A worder of light,  
A radiance of crystal without a flaw,  
Shining through moss and fern,  
Glimmering and hiding, with many a turn,  
Ye coming, by some sweet law;  
Coming to me, O my brooklet-bride!  
Yes, it was thou—  
Part of me now—  
Coming, with grace of a sunbeam to glide  
Into my soul's shadow deep;  
Waked by their laughter from sloth and from  
Thee must I follow, my guide! [sleep]  
Mine, O my blessing, my mountain born:  
Out of the glen,  
Down among men,  
Wondrously leading me forth, like the morn.  
Heaven on my musical lip,  
Fresh from the wells where the holy stars dip,  
Bowing me up from self-scorne.  
Still at our trust of the mountain-side  
Something we keep  
Hidden too deep,  
Ever to whisper through earth so wide;  
Love that we dimly know  
Leaves the world fresher wherever we go,  
One in our life, O my bride!

—Congregationalist

## THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long,  
In the old Arcadian times;  
When life seemed only a dance and song,  
In the sweetest of all sweet climates.  
Our world grows bigger, and stage by stage,  
As the pitless years have rolled,  
We've quite forgotten the golden age,  
And come to the age of gold.  
Time went by in a sheepish way  
Upon Theseus's plains of yore.  
In the nineteenth century lamb at play  
Meant mutton, and nothing more.  
Our swains at present are far too sage  
To live as one lived of old;  
So they couple the crook of the golden age  
With the hook in the age of gold.  
From Cordon's reed the mountains round  
Hear news of his latest fame;  
And Tityrus made the woods resound  
With the echoes of Damon's name,  
They kindly left us a lasting gange  
Of their musical art, we're told;  
And the Pandean pipe in the golden age  
Brings mirth to the age of gold.  
Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—  
From the shepherdess up to the queen—  
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls—  
And nothing for crinoline.  
But now simplicity's not the rage,  
And it's funny to think how cold  
The dress they wear in the golden age  
Would seem in the age of gold.  
Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,  
Tobacco, balloons and steam,  
Are little events that have come to pass  
Since the days of the old regime;  
And, in spite of Lemire's dazzling page,  
I'd give—though it might seem bold—  
A hundred years of the golden age  
For a year of the age of gold.

## Miscellaneous.

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

Has a bicycle ever saved a man's life? A curious question, and one to which I imagine few persons could answer affirmatively. I am one of those few, however, and as the life in question had a particular interest for me, being my own, all the details of the terrible event are firmly fixed in my memory.

The case is entirely without parallel, and will, I venture to think, interest general readers, though they may have no love for "a rabish bicycircular thing," as I once heard an old farmer call my beloved machine. I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy, and labored for hours at a bone-shaker, to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever manufactured, I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours which should have been otherwise occupied on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle.

My father was a doctor in a little Kentish village, and having a large family, he was thankful indeed when, at the age of 19, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India. (No awful examinations in those days!) And one fine morning I found myself with the King's own at Plymouth, starting in H. M. S. "Ganges" for our mighty Eastern Empire.

I will not attempt to describe my months of sea life, because every one has read of nautical adventures dozens of times before; suffice to say I was very sea-sick and miserable the first week on board, like everybody else, and caught myself wishing I was dead. I found afterward that this was rather a common wish with people in the first agonies of this malady. Then I recovered, and enjoyed myself like everybody else, and saw a flying-fish, and was disappointed with it, like everybody else; and fished for hours, with about a quarter of a mile of line over the stern, catching nothing, like everybody else; and when we sighted land I was thankful, like everybody else.

A grand new bicycle was my father's present to me, and great was my delight at finding that another young "sub" in my regiment was also a bicyclist. In these days, when the "iron wheel" has so many votaries, this may seem nothing

very strange; but, to realize my surprise and pleasure, you must understand that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired or otherwise.

Enormous was the amount of money betted by us on races to come, innumerable the beauties discovered in our own machines. Once we attempted to race on board, down one side of the deck; but a nasty lurch nearly sent my companion overboard, and the Captain soon put a stop to our proceedings.

Well, we reached our destination at last, and steamed up the mighty Hooghly to Calcutta.

Words fail me to describe the sensation which our bicycles caused. They were, I believe, the first ever seen in India; and as we rode together into the town, some days after our arrival, one would have thought that was the triumphal entry of some eastern potentate.

Our first appearance was hailed with a cry of horror by a crowd of mendicants and children hovering round the outside of the market. Curiosity, however, soon got the better of their fear, and by the time we had ridden a quarter of a mile, there was a regular mob at our heels, all following silently, with grave, earnest faces and a quiet tread—in fact, they might have been attending some funeral.

Soon every available stall and house-top was crammed with heads; the street in front of us seemed cleared as if by magic; and on we rode as slowly as possible, trying to look like judges.

The first horse we came to nearly went into a fit. Had a native been driving, the consequences would probably have been serious; but the white soldier in the vehicle pulled the unhappy beast up, and made it follow and examine our bicycles.

These operations were watched by our bodyguard with the deepest interest. We did not see many horses in town, fortunately, and the stalled oxen generally employed as beasts of burden paid not the slightest attention to us. At length we arrived at a drinking fountain and alighted from our machines, causing another loud cry of astonishment. We had a refreshing drink and remounted.

As we reached the outskirts of the town we quickened our pace, and, finding a grand level stretch of road in front of us, began to race, soon leaving every one far behind.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us in going "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and panics of one kind or another were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

On one occasion, when I was riding quietly, a half-demented native (one of the few remaining followers of Juggernaut) ran out into the road in front of me, and fell down almost under my bicycle. The unfortunate man wished to sacrifice himself, as he would have done under the huge wheels which carry his god. It was with the greatest difficulty that I avoided him, and he rose with the air of a person who had quite made up his mind to leave this world, but had suddenly come back to it by a short cut. It certainly never struck him that his religious arrangements would put me out in the least.

My friend, too, met with an unpleasant adventure. Peacocks are common birds in India, and in some parts are sacred, no one being allowed to kill or shoot them; they swarm in the jungles, and are sometimes seen domesticated round the villages, strutting about like so many barn-door fowls in an English farm.

My friend found this out to his cost; for one day, turning a corner at a good pace, he ran into a flock of them, coming a nasty cropper himself, and killing one of the unfortunate birds. Endless complications followed. The owner vowed nothing we could give him would compensate for the loss of his sacred fowl, that ill-luck would fall on him and his house, and that the "sahib" would certainly before the week was out. The "sahib," having given the man every farthing he had with him, and implored him to think no more about the master, mounted his fallen steed and rode back to the camp, feeling somewhat crestfallen.

The affair did not end here, however. The native authorities of the village came in a body to our commanding officer; and it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to pacify them.

This occurrence created a bad impression in the place; and we were both very glad to leave it for another station higher up the country. We were now approaching the hills, and the long-tailed king of the race I was to ride against my friend Fred Bent had not yet come off. Soon our pet pastime would have to be abandoned for an indefinite period; so one evening after mess we drew up and signed articles in the regular professional style to ride a ten-mile race for a bet of five pounds a side, my opponent to receive three minutes start (this little arrangement would have made us both forfeit our right to ever ride again as amateurs, but we did not know that then and I dare say we should not have cared if we had). We were now stationed at the foot of the hills. The ground to our north became gradually broken, rising peak after peak, and stretching away to the region of eternal snow.

There was a grand natural road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board. It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted tract was reached, becoming wider as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle. It was on this road I intended to train. Bent had found a circular path round some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and here he prepared himself for the coming struggle.

After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end—meat almost raw, chopped up very finely; little drinks of neat brandy, &c.—we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am now about to relate occurred the evening before the fatal day. I was just starting for a last ride over my favorite course, when an officer passing stopped me, and said:

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?"

"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word that a large tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed. "I think tiger would find it a difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large wild beasts as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin, sleepy-looking animal, as I had once seen in a traveling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started on a good pace, but not racing, as I intended to do all I knew coming home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle. Now for the race home.

Dismounting, I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was, too.

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here a little waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain-side, and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairland through a jungle vista. A post or "tank," as they are called, surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitic climbing plants, glowed with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming-birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out among the trees. On the "tank" floated water fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivaling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of color. But now the shadows were deepening, the crimson on the mountain-tops had disappeared, and the cold snow began to look gray and ghostly. A flying fox went rustling past me, and I hastily prepared to mount, for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose my eyes encountered something which made me start and nearly drop my bicycle.

Making a litter of boughs, they carried me into camp, where I lay for many weeks lingering between life and death. —London Society.

## A Famous Diamond.

The following details of the origin of the famous jewel which adorns the imperial sceptre of Russia were furnished a resident of St. Petersburg by a descendant of the Armenian merchant who brought the stone to Russia:

The diamond, in its rough state, formed the eye of an idiot in a temple near Trichinopolis, and was abstracted by a French renegade, who escaped with his prize to Persia. Here he wandered from town to town trying to dispose of it for a moderate sum, but only meeting with distrust and suspicion. At length, when the news of the theft had spread over India and reached Persia, fearing arrest, he accepted the offer of a Hebrew merchant and surrendered the diamond for \$10,000.

Meanwhile the Shah was informed,

not only of the robbery, but also that the thief was residing in his territory, and had offered the stone repeatedly for sale.

At once his Highness gave orders to arrest the man, dead or alive, and to seize the diamond. The Jewish merchant naturally became alarmed for the safety of his new acquisition, as well as that of his head, and gladly sold the stone to an astute Armenian merchant named Shafrahs for \$60,000.

The magnificence of Catherine the Great and her court was a by-word in Armenia and Persia, and Shafrahs knew right well that if he could reach St. Petersburg with his diamond he would be able to dispose of it at a handsome profit.

The greatest difficulty was to secrete the stone so thoroughly about his person that in case of his arrest it should not be discovered.

It was too large for him to swallow, so he solved the problem by making a deep incision in the calf of his left leg, inserting the stone, and sewing up the wound with silver thread.

When the cut had cicatrized sufficiently to allow the removal of the wire, Shafrahs began his treacherous journey toward Russia.

Had he known that the Shah's

army was on the march, he would

have been compelled to travel by land.

He was captured by a band of robbers

and held for ransom.

He was released on payment of

the ransom, and reached St. Petersburg

safely.

He was received by the Shah with

great honor and distinction.

He was appointed to the Shah's

service, and became a favorite.

He was promoted to the rank of

General of the Guards.

He was given command of the

Guard Cavalry.

He was made a member of the

Imperial Guard.

He was given command of the

Imperial Guard.

## GOOD-BY, OR HOWDY-DO?

Say good-by or howdy-do—  
What's the odds betwixt the two?  
C'm'in—goin'—every day—  
Best friends first to go away—  
Grasp of hands you'd rather hold  
Than their weight in solid gold'  
Slip their grip while greekin' you—  
Say good-by or howdy-do?

Howdy-do, and then good-by—  
Mixed jests like laugh and cry;  
Deaths and births, and worst and best,  
Tangled their contrast;—  
Ev'y jins'in' weddin' bell  
Skeerin' up some funeral knell—  
Here's my song and there's your sigh—  
Howdy-do, and then good-by!

Say good-by or howdy-do—  
Jest the same to me and you;  
Taunt worth while to make no fuss.  
"Cane the job's put up on us!"  
Someone's rannin' this concern  
That's got nothing else to learn—  
If he's willin' we'll pull through,  
Say good-by or howdy-do?

## SOME WESTERN PHRASES AND PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Every section of the country seems to abound in peculiar customs and phrases. There are no farms here at the west, but ranches or ranches, as is the Spanish. There are no flocks of sheep, droves of cattle or of hogs, but bands of sheep, etc. There are no stones here, but all are rocks, from the tiny pebble to the massive boulder. There are no pails here, but every vessel of whatever capacity, having a bale or handle, is called a bucket. Nothing is carried, but every thing is packed. They pack milk, pack water, pack wood, pack everything. There are no yards here, but corrals—pronounced corral, with the accent on the last syllable. When cattle or horses are driven into these corrals for the purpose of marking or branding, it is called rounding up or rodeoing, as is the Spanish. There is no teaming done here, but everything is freighted. Enormous loads are drawn on two wagons by four or six horses; one wagon is hitched behind the other, and this wagon is called the trailer. Instead of lassoing an animal, they simply lass one.

Everybody rides here, and there are many expert horsemen. A horseman seldom or never dismounts for anything. They open and shut gates, ride up to a house and shout to the inmates, who come out in answer to the summons. If a man's hat blows off while riding, he will wheel his horse and while under full speed swing off, holding on by one leg, and pick up his hat or any other object without checking the speed of his horse in the least. People salute each other at a distance by throwing up their right hand to their forehead with the palm outwards. Most of the people while traveling go armed, though there is a stringent law against carrying concealed weapons. A few days since, a woman whose husband was in jail awaiting sentence for assaulting a man with a deadly weapon with intent to kill, was driving round the country, circulating a petition for a new trial for her husband. On the seas beside her sat her little girl, and between them was a double-barreled shotgun. It looked as though she intended to secure signatures to her petition at the muzzle of her gun. But her effort to secure a new trial for her husband failed, as he was sentenced to the county jail for ten months.

J. S. TIBBETS.

## The Amende Honorable.

It is rather interesting to watch the manner by which the old customs have been slightly changed and handed down from age to age. Peculiarities of old traditions still linger among us and are forked over to posterity like a wavy-jawed tea-pot or a long time mortgage. No one can explain it, but the fact still remains patent that some of the oddities of our ancestors continue to appear from time to time clothed in the changing costumes of the prevailing fashion.

Along with these choice antiquities and carrying the nut brown flavor of the dead and relentless years comes the amende honorable. From the original amends, in which the offender appeared in public clothed only in a cotton flannel shirt and with a rope about his neck as an evidence of a formal recantation, down to this day, when (sometimes) the pale editor is asticke of type admits that "his informant was in error," the amende honorable has marched along with the easy tread of time. The blue-eyed molder of public opinion, with one suspender hanging down at his side and writing on a sheet of news copy paper, has a more extensive costume perhaps than the old-time offender, who bowed in the dust in the midst of the great populace, and with a halter under his ear admitted his offense; but he does not feel any more cheerful over it.

I have been called upon several times to make the amende honorable, and I admit that it is not an occasion of mirth and merriment. People who come into the editorial office to invest in a retraction are generally healthy and have a stiff, reserved manner that no cheerfulness or hospitality can soften.

I remember an incident of this kind which occurred last summer in my office while I was writing something scathing. A large man with an air of profound inspiration about him and a plaid flannel shirt stepped into the middle of the room and breathed in all the air that I was not using. He said he would give me four minutes in which to retract, and pulled out a watch by which to ascertain the exact time. I asked him if he would not allow me a moment or two to go over to the telegraph office and to wire my par-

ents of my awful death. He said I could walk out that door when I walked over his dead body. Then I waited a long time, till he told me my time was up, and asked what I was waiting for. I told him I was waiting for him to die, so that I could walk over his dead body. How could I walk over a corpse until life was extinct?

He stood and looked at me, at first in astonishment, afterward in pity. Finally tears welled up in his eyes and plowed their way down his brown and grimy face. Then he said that I need not fear him.

"You are safe," said he. "A youth who is so patient and cheerful as you are, one who would wait for a healthy man to die so that you could meander over his pulseless remnants, ought not to die a violent death. A soft-eyed seraph like you who is no more conversant with the ways of this world than that, ought to be put in a glass vial of alcohol and preserved. I came up here to kill you and throw you in the rain-water barrel, but now that I know what a patient disposition you have, I shudder when I think of the crime I was about to commit." —Bill Nyce.

## Something New in Snake Stories.

On last Thursday, says the *Carson Appeal*, as the stage was coming from Markleville, the road seemed to get very heavy near Woodford's Canon. The nearest horses could hardly drag their load, and they seemed to have harder work at every step. Finally they stopped to rest at the top of the little knoll just this side of Woodford's station, and when the driver attempted to start the horses they could not pull an inch. He dismounted and took a lantern to examine the running gear, when to his astonishment he found, as he supposed, that a rope had been tied between the two wheels. Laying his hand on the rope, he started back with a yell of horror on discovering that a live snake had twisted itself between the hind and fore wheels, and was holding the stage as securely as if the wheels had been tied with an inch rope. The reptile had evidently been trying to block the stage for several miles, and when the horses stopped for a rest improved the opportunity to tighten its coils so as to effectually prevent the stage from starting again.

The passengers got out and tackled the snake with clubs and stones, and, as the reptile thrashed about under the wheels, the horses were wild with terror. He was finally killed by a blow on the head, and it was after midnight before they got him disengaged from the wheels. He was the style of snake known as the mountain runner, and measured 12 feet 4 inches. When stretched tightly between the wheels he was much longer.

• • •

**A Shrewd Ambassador.**

On a certain occasion an ambassador, whom the Emperor Charlemagne had sent to an eastern monarch, while sitting at the table of the latter, quite thoughtlessly moved a dish that was near him.

It happened that the king had issued a law that if a guest touched a dish before he himself was served, he should be put to death. Therefore, most naturally, every eye was turned towards the enemy, and some of the courtiers proclaimed his offence and loudly demanded his immediate punishment.

The king was in a dilemma. On the one hand, he dreaded to excite the displeasure of so great a ruler as Charlemagne by putting his messenger to death; on the other he was unwilling that his subjects should find him remiss in the duty which he had imposed on himself. Of the two things, the latter seemed to him the worst; so he acquainted the ambassador with the law of the land, and told him he must die.

"I sinned ignorantly," said the man, "but ignorance is no excuse for its violation. Your every decree must be carried out to the letter, and I am the last one who would wish you to relax from your rigor in my behalf. I only implore your highness to grant me a single favor before I die."

"It is not my desire, but the law, that renders the death necessary," replied the monarch, "and I promise to grant what soever thou asketh. My word is fate."

"I only ask," replied the Frank, looking around with a grim smile, "that the eyes of all who saw me touch the dish be placed in my hand."

Hearing this, the courtiers gazed at one another with fear and trembling, and even the king was dismayed; but the promise had been given, and the singular request must be complied with. So he said:

"It shall be done."

On inquiry, however, not one was to be found among the courtiers, nor the servants, who was willing to acknowledge that he had witnessed the act; and the king confessed that he had not seen it.

"If no one saw me commit the deed, there is no evidence to prove my guilty," observed the ambassador, "and certainly there can be no reason why I should suffer death."

"Thou sayest wisely," returned the monarch, who was so delighted at the ambassador's cunning, that he not only pardoned him, but bestowed upon him many presents of great value.

BUTLER, N. Y., May 14, '83.  
**Rheumatic Syrup Co.**:—Gents—Some six years ago I was attacked with a severe form of rheumatism and dyspepsia, and for five years have been taking different remedies recommended for these diseases, but found nothing to relieve me, and for the last three weeks had been unable to do a day's work without suffering intense pain through my back and shoulders, and my stomach was so much out of order that I could not eat without suffering great pain. I had no appetite and my viscera distressed me so that I rarely ate for my supper anything but crackers and milk. Commenced taking Rheumatic Syrup and after taking two bottles I thought my stomach felt better. I began to have faith that the medicine was going to help me. I continued its use a few weeks, and now my appetite is good, and I can eat such food as farmers require, without distressing me in the least, and I can do as much work as ever in my life and enjoy my meals; in fact, I am well. The Rheumatic Syrup is the best remedy in the world. Enough cannot be said in its praise.

LEROY HENDERSON.

## VARIETIES.

As the ticket agent at Mandan stood at his post yesterday afternoon sampling the various styles of breath that came at him through the small window, a most beautiful lady came up and asked for a ticket to Bismarck. He stamped it and laid it down. The lady fumbled in her purse for the change. All at once she exclaimed in a petulant voice:

"Darling, can't you be patient? What does my pet want?"

The agent turned so red that his ears fairly blazed, and stammered out:

"Madam, I—I—I assure you that—that there is hurry at all. Take your (ahem) train to me this mornin'!"

Most women tremble at the discharge of a gun, and yet they are perfectly familiar with powder puffs.

To succeed, be reticent. Samson would never have overthrown the Philistines had he not held his jaw.

A market gardener should be careful about allowing a widow to enter his premises, because of her "weeds."

Why should not the policeman who chases and catches an offending Chinaman be called the Asiatic collector?

The castor oil plant is said to be peculiarly obnoxious to fleas; but one can't have a castor oil plant growing on top of his bald head.

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a ladyland. "Never mind, it's tough enough as it is," quickly replied the boarder.

"Sir," I was speaking to my little girl," and peeping through the ticket window he saw a bit of a cherub tugging at the lady's dress.

When she had him down in a chair as pale as a corpse, and told Conductor Richards that if his glass was better provided for he didn't think he'd care to live an hour longer. —*Bismarck Tribune*.

EVERYBODY had been abasing the poor old conductor because his train was four hours behind time, and the man was nearly worn out explaining that it was not his fault.

"It's a shame!" exclaimed one aged gentleman. "Conductor, if any one else finds fault with you, you can call on me as a witness that you did the best you could."

"Thanks," murmured the conductor, brightening up at the prospect of one friend on the train.

"I think we are getting on fast enough," continued the old gentleman, turning to the most obstreperous of the passengers.

"You travel on a pass, don't you?" growled the passenger.

"I do," replied the old gentleman.

"Good for sixty days, isn't it?" sneered the passenger again.

"It is," responded the old gentleman.

"No wonder you are in no hurry," grumbled the other man. "I have only got a trip ticket; that expires in thirty days, and I haven't any money for another if we don't get there before my ticket runs out. That's all."

GIMME dinked bigge juicee. Whate have I remarked? We all well known drayman Wun Lung, to his friend Mun Kee, as they entered a Chatham Street saloon a few days ago.

"Allee samee," clucked Mun Kee.

The liquor was placed on the bar and each took a "finger"—perpendicularly speaking.

"Taste like elapee tacks," ejaculated Wun Lung, with a wry face.

"I do," replied the old gentleman.

"Good for sixty days, isn't it?" sneered the passenger again.

"It is," responded the old gentleman.

"No wonder you are in no hurry," grumbled the other man. "A good, plump cabbage will last several weeks a week."

Some workmen while putting up a sign at a Newport store dropped two of the big letters, both H's, on the pavement. A dozen Newports immediately exclaimed: "How delightful English is."

First student: "How stupid! Here my uncle sends me twenty marks as a present." Second student: "I should think you would be delighted." "Not at all; I was going to ask him to lend me fifty."

Mr. Brown is a Chicago man who is deaf, but hearing by touching people tell him he ought to be able to hit the nail on the head. He, however, retorts that he never does, as he's wholly in the hands of his wife.

"You ought to see my new dog," said A. to B. "He's one of the best Gordon setters I ever saw." "I've got a setter that will lay over him," rejoined B. "But you V you haven't." "Taken," said B. "The bet is still undecided because B. trotted out a hen."

School committee man examining scholar: "Where is the north pole?" "I don't know sir." "Don't know! Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the north pole is?" "With pleasure," said the scholar.

Mrs. A., who is of a jealous turn, to Miss B., who is no longer in the heyday of her beauty: "Why do you talk confidentially with my husband on the plaza this morning?" I thought it was some young lady and began to jealously tease, but I feel quite relieved to find it was only you."

Pat was about to kill a turtle for a neighbor, and was promptly immediately to cut off his head. Pat's attention was called to the fact that the turtle still crawled about, though it had been decapitated, and he explained: "Shure the baste is entirely dead, only he is not yet conscious of it."

Two LADIES TETE A-TETE.—"That Mrs. Brown is just as mean as she can be! Why, would you believe, she told me right to my face that I dressed too young for a woman of my years! The idea!"

"She did! Well, if she'd talked to me that way, I believe I'd told her just what I thought of her."

"Oh, no, dear, that would be rude."

"Possibly."

"But I did better. I told Mrs. Smith what my opinion of Mrs. Brown was, and Mrs. Brown will hear it soon enough. And then you know it won't lose anything in Mrs. Brown's mouth. It is one of my principles, love, never to do anything disagreeable to me, nor get somebody else to do it for me."

This Pontiac Bill Poster gives the following samples of the "bulle" occurring in Michigan owing to the strike:

A broker sent it: "Buy short. Market closed firm."

Broker got it: "Buy shirt. Mark it 'Cloud' for me."

Broker sent it: "Will send money tomorrow. Love and kisses."

Wife got it: "Will send the monkey to Mrs. Rose. Liver and kissengen."

His girl sent it: "Picnic Saturday. Shall watch for you all day. By-by."

He got it: "Picnic Saturday. Shell fish for two. Am dry, baby."

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NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

Petoskey, as seen from Harbor Point, directly across the bay, seems to lie in an oval basin among the hills. It is built upon limestone bluffs, and from the level of the town to the beach is a steep descent of perhaps fifty feet, accomplished by long flights of steps, the mere sight of which gives one an involuntary side-slip. The beach, when reached, is not pretty, being encumbered with broken shells and stones, and the waves dash over the rocks, sending up a spray of white foam over the pebbles, neither quite sleeping nor waking, but in that delicious *dolce fariente*, which is born of a feeling that it is not only a right but "the proper thing" to downright lazy.

Returning over Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, the traveler is not charmed by the out-look from the car windows, and finds it possible to believe the statement that only about one-sixth of Michigan's acreage is under cultivation. There are almost impenetrable jungles of cedar and spruce, wide tracts where the blackened trunks of pines assume all angles of elevation before their final fall into the tangled underbrush which has sprung up about them; and damp, dark places holding stagnant water and redolent of malaria, where the toxins of the mosquitoes must be to the intruder what the trumpets of Nero were to Hasdrubel. The agricultural prospects are not inviting, at least along the line of the railroad. Even if the forest were cleared away, the soil in most places seems to be a dazzling white sand which might grow radishes, but with difficulty. Yet here and there some pioneer has built a log cabin, and the stumps are surrounded by oats and potatoes. It is said that back from the railroad there is a fertile soil and good farms, but it is not until we approach Greenville, on the D. & N. W., that the traveler who takes flying impressions of "the lay of the land" will see much that will rejoice the agricultural heart. From thence onward the prospects brighten, and we see tidy farm-houses and neat barns and fences. I think never saw the fields so green or the trees so fresh in August before; cattle were knee deep in the second growth of clover. "Johnny cake" will be a delicacy in that section this winter, judging from the appearance of the cornfields, many of which seemed to have been abandoned to the weeds in utter despair; while a few rotting sheaves and blackened haycocks were mere mementoes of "ketchin' times" in haying and harvest.

It was the poet Thomson, the author of that satire on spring weather beginning "Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come!" who says "the great charm of travel consists in the anticipation of it, in the first place, and the memory of it afterward," which is equivalent to saying that the noise, the dirt, the inconveniences, overbalance at the time the actual delights, and that it is not until the discomforts are forgotten that memory entertains and brightens the pleasant things seen. But the Scotch poet who did all his traveling prior to 1748, in which year he took that journey we all must

For the Michigan Farmer.  
PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

We continue our sketches of the farms and farmers of Northville, Farmington, and the neighborhood surrounding these places, a part of which appeared in the last issue of the FARMER:

George Bradley lives on 86 acres of land within sight of the church steeples of Northville. He has everything upon his farm and around his barns and yard neat and tidy. He has given attention to the rearing of sheep for some thirty years and has always prided himself upon the value and standard of his flock, and never till within the last two years bred anything but Philo S. Rich stock. Since then he has bred some from L. Sprague's and William Duncan's rams. Thus it is we find that wherever we go in this section we meet Rich stock. The record of the shearing of the Rich bred ewes in this flock, under the auspices of the Association, averaged 164 lbs. Mr. B. has had the first choice of Rich's flock, and we saw a ewe out of his Perfect ewe with first lamb by Sprague's Centennial, which must be admitted to be about perfect. He does not keep any stock rams, and believes it to be cheaper and better to breed from the best to be found in other flocks. His average for entire flock was 13 lbs.

Immediately opposite Mr. B.'s is the farm of John V. Harnion, who has bred a flock of sheep from P. S. Rich stock, with crosses from the flock of O. Sloan, and a buck from H. Hurd, whose first clip was 20 lbs.

One mile north of Northville, but in Novi, is the 160 acre farm of I. N. Black wood, whose flock numbers 165, mostly of Rich breeding. They looked very fine, and the lambs are strong. His three years old buck Gen. Grant, from Peerless, is registered, and sheared 22 lbs., while the whole flock averaged 12.6-16 lbs. His 25 yearling bucks are nearly all out of Sprague's buck, the balance from a Rich ram. Here we notice a \$425 farm team six years old that is a good one, and draws a plow or self-binder with perfect ease.

At C. M. Thornton's we saw a flock of 16 registered ewes. The Crane Ram No. 31, has proved himself a good getter, if the lambs we saw are any criterion from which to judge, as they all have good points. Also saw there a buck lamb from the Wood's Sheldon ram, that is good; the dam, from the Wood's flock, is a splendid breeder. This flock all average well, although they are not in high condition. Still one of the buck lambs weighed 65 lbs.

Mr. O. Barnhart was absent, so we missed his flock. He has ten Rich ewes and breeds to Duncan's ram.

Lorenzo Sprague, of Farmington, showed us his flock. His first purchase was ten thoroughbred ewes in 1863 from F. M. Harwood of Rupert, Vt. They were descended from the Humphrey importation on the dam's side, and sired by Atwood bucks, and bred since from same stock and the best bucks from the Hammond flock. Has used a Birmingham ram, Wood's old Upsetter and old Peerless. His ram, Sprague's Centennial 302, bred by E. N. Bissell, was sired by J. F. Stickney's Centennial 442, ganders Fremont Jr. 215, from an Atwood and Robinson ewe, great-grandson Gen. Fremont 146, who in nine years sheared 243 lbs. There are 55 sheep and 28 lambs in this flock. We notice a six-year-old ewe from Wood's Peerless that clipped 21 lbs.; 11 yearling ewes from Centennial had been well fleeced, and would be something fine for some young breeder to start with. Also a handsome yearling ewe from the Sheldon ram, and 12 one and two-year-old bucks. Mr. Sprague has a good reputation as a sheep breeder; but at the same time his fancy runs somewhat to cattle, as we notice in the pasture the his red four-year-old Shorthorn Orange Flower, bred by P. E. White, from Summit Airdrie 3d, dam Viola 9th by Corporal 2d 19268. Also the red calf Buttercup that was calved 2d December, with L. L. Brooks' Duke of Lexington for sire. We saw his Suffolk boar Longback 3d, bred by Terry Gates of Greenfield, Mich., whose sire and dam were bred by Wright & Butterfield of Sandwich, Ont.

Back into Plymouth again, and here we met Charles Forshee, with sheep from the Rich flock, who is a young breeder just now making his mark; and also to the farm of David Moreland, where our eyes are gladdened again by looking over his well bred flock that has been selected by his unerring judgment. His flock numbers at present 65 ewes and 24 lambs. He started in at about the same time as P. S. Rich, and has at present 11 registered ewes with five lambs from Centennial. His buck, Henry Ward Beecher 51, is one year old, weighs 180 pounds, and sheared at 361 days 17-16 pounds. He is one of the best to be found in the State. There is no discount on this statement. He has a strong body, well put up, well fleeced and fine horns. Two of his old ewes are from Usurper, four from Peerless and three from Michigan. He has an ewe lamb from Beecher whose mother sheared 164 lbs. He intends to run altogether hereafter into registered stock. His grades are remarkably good, while his registered ones are superb. His young buck Fearnahart is well fleeced, sheared 224 pounds, and has got this year at Milford, where he has been kept, are pronounced almost unequalled.

Some of Mr. M. Sparling's ewes sheared as high as 16 and 17 lbs., and one from Centennial 17 lbs. 2 oz. This flock is well worthy of a good long look over. C. S. Sayles has been seven years in this kind of husbandry, started in with two ewes, using a buck from Ward's flock. He has some 60 sheep and lambs, but they are not registered. Has bred largely from R. J. Brown of Superior. One of his ewes sheared 20 lbs. 2 oz.

D. Harlow lives on a 96 acre farm, with splendid house, and barns that are conveniently arranged. Has been in sheep breeding six years, buying from R. Losse of Darien, N. Y. He has 56 that are registered, and 18 lambs that are eligible. His buck, Michigan 60, is four years old, and has Gen. Sprague for sire. He has a nice lot of bucks, and taking all in all, his sheep are a credit to him.

This ends our list of sheep breeders whom we have had the pleasure of interviewing the past week, and we venture the assertion, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere within the same compass of territory and distance can as many good flocks be found in this State. We find, too, that the breeders named are well posted and feel a kindly interest in the flocks of each other. The care and attention that they give their flocks is deserving of mention. The organization of the American Merino Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association of Eastern Michigan, which was formed last December, has had so far, and will have in the future, a tendency to still further advance this feeling. The officers are T. V. Quackenbush, President; C. M. Thorne, Vice-President; I. N. Blackwood, Secretary; H. Hurd, Treasurer; George Bradley, Wm. Duncan, David Moreland, Directors.

## ON THE WING.

## For the Michigan Farmer.

## FARMERS' PIC-NIC.

The 11th annual *fête* of the Hillsdale and Lenawee Counties Farmers' Pic-nic Association was held at Beard's Landing, Devil's Lake, on Wednesday last. Notwithstanding the magnitude of these festal and social gatherings for several years back, and the general sentiment among all that they had grown to be as successful as possible in point of interest, pleasure and attendance, and would naturally grow of less importance every year, this year's pic-nic was pronounced "the noblest Roman of them all," so to speak. It could not well have been otherwise. The day was most delightful, the provisos for pleasure and enjoyment on lake and in grove ample, and the intellectual programme more complete and entertaining than ever before.

The executive committee, consisting of Messrs. Delos Parsons, J. E. Gibbs, G. W. Teachout, A. Patrick, and P. Lewis, were more thorough in their arrangements for providing table room for the bountiful festal spread, seats for the speakers' stand and stable room for horses than any former managers. Gov. Cornes, proprietor of the Lake View house and grounds, kept his beautiful steamer, "City of Hudson" plying the lake from early morn till evening, a merry dance in progress in the assembly room, and served a sumptuous feast for the inner man.

As your reporter surveyed the long rows of tables in the grove that were being filled with baskets at an early hour, he had an interest to see what appearance their contents would make when spread before the thousands of yeomen, their wives and daughters at the dinner hour. There was a sufficiency of everything good to eat, from a roast pig or turkey to rich cakes and all the other concomitants that go to make up a delicious repast. Until the dinner hour, the pic-nics found enjoyment on lake and in grove, boating, fishing, swimming, croquetting, dancing, swinging, etc. The festal spread was as sumptuous and bountiful as the farmers' wives could make it, and when we have said this of our Hillsdale and Lenawee county women, any further mention on the part of your correspondent is needless.

The tables were presided over by the town directors as follows: Hudson, Walter B. Thompson; Medina, Henry J. Wirtz; Cambridge, Frank A. Dewey; Dover, David Pontius; Seneca, Marc C. Rorick; Rome, Martin Poucher, Moscow, Henry McCowan; Somerset, W. W. Morris; Wheatland, Austin Patrick; Pittsford, Van Ness Schermerhorn, Wright, Thomas Ackerman; Adams, E. H. Jackson; Woodstock, A. M. Sickle.

Promptly at one o'clock the crowd assembled for the afternoon programme, the following persons occupying seats on the platform: President, Capt. Sam Morey; Cambridge; vice-president, Mrs. J. W. Allen; Rollin; secretary, Mrs. H. S. Russell; Hudson; treasurer, F. G. Clark; Wheatland; chief of police, Murat Brown, Rollin, with a number of pioneers. President Morey called to order, and carried out the following programme: Music by the Wheatland band; prayer by Rev. Mr. Brockway, of Medina; report of secretary read and adopted; music by the Weston Glee Club. The treasurer's report was read, showing last year's receipts to be \$310, expenditures \$233.30; 910 single and 478 double teams passed the gate last year. Music by the band; address of welcome by President Morey; music by the Glee Club, "Our Native Land"; Reminiscences of Pottowatamie Indians, by F. A. Dewey; a very interesting paper, giving a description of the lake and surrounding country 54 years ago; when Mr. Dewey came to these parts, and of the brave tribe of Pottowatamies who lived on its shores; music by Wallace's colored jubilee singers.

Capt. Allen, of Ypsilanti, speaker of the day, considered it a great honor to be called upon to address such a large and intelligent audience. Farming had become one of the exact sciences which requires for its successful pursuit not only muscle but brain. His flock numbers at present 65 ewes and 24 lambs. He started in at about the same time as P. S. Rich, and has at present 11 registered ewes with five lambs from Centennial. His buck, Henry Ward Beecher 51, is one year old, weighs 180 pounds, and sheared at 361 days 17-16 pounds. He is one of the best to be found in the State. There is no discount on this statement. He has a strong body, well put up, well fleeced and fine horns. Two of his old ewes are from Usurper, four from Peerless and three from Michigan. He has an ewe lamb from Beecher whose mother sheared 164 lbs. He intends to run altogether hereafter into registered stock. His grades are remarkably good, while his registered ones are superb. His young buck Fearnahart is well fleeced, sheared 224 pounds, and has got this year at Milford, where he has been kept, are pronounced almost unequalled.

Some of Mr. M. Sparling's ewes sheared as high as 16 and 17 lbs., and one from Centennial 17 lbs. 2 oz. This flock is well worthy of a good long look over. C. S. Sayles has been seven years in this kind of husbandry, started in with two ewes, using a buck from Ward's flock. He has some 60 sheep and lambs, but they are not registered. Has bred largely from R. J. Brown of Superior. One of his ewes sheared 20 lbs. 2 oz.

D. Harlow lives on a 96 acre farm, with splendid house, and barns that are conveniently arranged. Has been in sheep breeding six years, buying from R. Losse of Darien, N. Y. He has 56 that are registered, and 18 lambs that are eligible. His buck, Michigan 60, is four years old, and has Gen. Sprague for sire. He has a nice lot of bucks, and taking all in all, his sheep are a credit to him.

## COMMERCIAL.

## DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

## DETROIT, September 4, 1883.

**Flour.**—Receipts for the week, 2,101 bbls, against 2,774 bbls. last week, and the shipments were 3,195 bbls. There is no change to note in the values of flour. The movement of stock is fully up to the average at this season, but there is a quiet tone to the market. The weaker position of wheat will of course make buyers cautious. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Roller process..... \$ 25 75

Winter wheats, city brands..... 4 90 25

Winter wheats, country..... 4 75 25

Flour patent..... 6 00 25

Minnesota brands..... 7 50 25

Minnesota patents..... 7 50 25

Rye flour..... 4 00 25

**Wheat.**—There was a weaker feeling in wheat yesterday and the market favored buyers all day. Values declined 1/2¢ to 1¢ on cash wheat, and about the same on futures. Considerable trading took place, the transactions being larger than for several weeks. Closing quotations here were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.04; No. 2 do, \$1.04; No. 2 red, \$1.04; No. 3 red, \$1.04; offered, 79¢. In future quotations on the various deals were as follows: September \$1.03; October \$1.05; November \$1.04; December \$1.05; January \$1.04.

**Corn.**—Nothing doing. No. 2 is being offered at 35¢ per bu. and high mixed at 35¢. Rejected corn at 30¢ per bu.

**Meat.**—Little demand for fresh cuts, but a considerable amount of futures were sold yesterday. For September delivery No. 2 white sold at 31¢; Ransom, Harvey Higley; Adrian, Wm. Capwell sold Webb Bros. 83 at 32¢ per lb.

**Oats.**—Good demand and steady at 30¢ per bushel.

**Feed.**—Scarce and in active demand. Bran is quotable at about \$13; coarse middlings, \$14/15¢; fine feed about \$12/13¢. Offerings are light.

**Butter.**—The inquiry is very light except for the choicer lots, and for these the quotations range from 17¢/18¢ lb. Creamery is quiet at 23¢/24¢.

**Cheese.**—The market is steady and unchanged, with 1/2¢ the best price obtainable for choicer full cream State, and 10¢/10 1/2¢ the quotations on most of the stock offered.

**Eggs.**—Fresh are dull at 16¢/17¢.

**Beeves.**—Scarce and very firm; quotations are 30¢ per lb.

**Beans.**—Market inactive. Picked, \$2 10.

**Dried Apples.**—Inactive at 8¢/8 1/2¢ lb.

**Hay.**—Quotations are 30¢ per lb. to 37¢ per lb. for choice lots.

**Honey.**—Inactive; new is offered at 16¢/18¢ for combs, with little or no demand.

**Hops.**—For choice 1883 probably 30¢/35¢ lb. could be obtained, but quotations are wholly nominal. New have not yet begun to come in.

**Seeds.**—Timothy is quiet at \$1.85 per bu. Clover seed, for October delivery, is offered at \$1.75 per bu., but none was bid at those figures.

**Fruit.**—Blackberries are quoted at \$6 per bu. for wild; grapes, 8¢ per lb. by the crate or drawer for choice; peaches, \$2 50/3 50 per bu.; pear, \$7/8¢ per bbl for Bartletts; whortleberries \$2/3 50 per bu. for choice; plums are quoted at \$4 per bu. for green, gages, and \$5/6¢ for finer varieties.

**Onions.**—From \$2 50/2 75 per bbl; supplies are wholly moderate.

**Potatoes.**—Stocks are not large, but the market demand will be well supplied at \$1.50/2 00 per bushel; Stock selling at 40¢/45¢ per bu.

**Poultry.**—Live fowls 10¢/11¢ per pound; spring pigeons, 40¢/45¢ per pair.

**Vegetables.**—Cabbages are selling at about \$1 per bu. With tomatoes the market is well supplied at the rate of \$1/1 25 per bushel.

**Provisions.**—There are no changes to note in the provision market, and values are steady. Chipped meat is quoted 50¢/55¢ per lb. under Detroit packed. There is an active demand for smoked meats, and they are firm at quotations. Dried beef is scarce and firm. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mixed, Detroit packed..... \$14 00 @14 25

Clear sides, per lb. .... 18 00 @18 50

Extra sides, per lb. .... 20 00 @20 50

Lard in kegs, per lb. .... 9 50 @ 9 75

Hams, per lb. .... 14 00 @ 14 25

Shoulders, per lb. .... 8 50 @ 8 75

Knuckle bones, per lb. .... 11 00 @ 11 25

Extra Mts. beef, per bbl. .... 11 75 @ 12 00

Tallow, per lb. .... 6 50 @ 6 75

Dried beef, per lb. .... 17 50 @ 18

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS.**

**Cattle.**—Receipts—\$1,968, against 12,398 the previous week. The market opened on Monday with 181 head of cattle on sale. There was a fair attendance of buyers and the offerings were closed out early in the day at prices fully higher than those at the Central Yards on Saturday. Buyers claim that cattle are selling this week at 30 to 40 cents per hundred higher than last week.

**Sheep.**—Offerings of sheep numbered 531, against 366 last week. There was a good demand for sheep and prices advanced 10¢/15 cents per hundred over those of last week.

**Hogs.**—Esteb sold Ellis 25 at 70 lbs. at \$4.10. Hall sold John 69 at 70 lbs. at \$4.00. Lovely sold Fitzpatrick 33 at 97 lbs. at \$3.90. Weller sold Dowen 129 at 91 lbs. at \$4.15. Stead sold John 50 at 83 lbs. at \$3.80. Stead sold John Robinson 55 at 83 lbs. at \$3.80.

**King's Yards.**

MONDAY, Sept. 3, 1883.

**CATTLE.**

The market opened up at these yards with 211 head of cattle on sale. There was a good attendance of buyers and the offerings were closed out early in the day at prices fully higher than those at the Central Yards on Saturday. Buyers claim that cattle are selling this week at 30 to 40 cents per hundred higher than last week.

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**King's Yards.**

MONDAY, Sept. 3, 188